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EDITED
BY BARENT GARDENIER.

MONDAY, JULY 22.

We have read in nearly all the papers a description of a cataract cured by depression.—The operation of depression is the simplest and easiest thing in the world; it is performed almost every day in our hospitals, and we consider it a matter of such insignificance, in point of difficulty, that so far from publishing the cases in newspapers, we don't even talk about them. But a learned Dr. who performed the wonderful operation gives a pompous description of it to a brother of the faculty, by letter.—His letter commences thus—"Dr. Sir, permit me to communicate to you a case of cataract!" a modest request surely—it is a disease which we would not thank the Doctor to communicate to us. He must have meant to say "permit me to communicate to you *an account*, of a case of cataract." In a few lines further we are informed that the "*opacity of the lens* indicated the disease!" Truly wonderful! in what other way was the existence of Cataract ever indicated? Is not the opacity of the crystalline lens, the *disease itself*? Certainly it is, and therefore it indicates—*itself*! He says again—"The patient, when informed the removing this *untenebrious* substance from the axis of vision readily submitted, &c.!" Spirit of Galen! what stuff! Untenebrious substance! axis of vision? and "when informed the removing this untenebrious substance?" what a fine example of elipsis!—This learned doctor, this prince of surgeons then gives us a description of the wonderful operation. Here we expected to hear of an operation, entirely different from any heretofore practised; we thought this the object of the communication, but it turns out, that he depressed the lens with a needle, in the manner recommended by Bell!

This thrice renowned surgeon concludes his letter by saying, that the necessity, safety and importance of the operation is not known to the mass of the people, therefore he gives his friend permission to publish his letter—(which was written expressly for publication, no doubt)—Whether the mass of the people are ignorant of this important operation, is immaterial, but we venture to assert, that there is not a *blind man* in America, who has not enquired of physicians the nature of his blindness, and how it is possible to cure it, and there is hardly a quack in the country who could not tell him of the operation necessary to its removal—Such parade about a trifle, is indicative of a *little mind*.

A writer of fine taste, in the Portland Gazette, justly remarks "in the poetry of Kirk White, fancy soars on the boldest wing"—his genius was lofty and there is often a wonderful sublimity in his conceptions. We may adduce a single instance—

Once more, and yet once more,
I give unto my harp a dark-woven lay;

I heard the waters roar;
I heard the flood of ages pass away.
O, thou stern spirit! who dost dwell
In thine eternal cell,
Noting, grey Chronicler! the silent years;
I saw thee rise—I saw the scroll complete;
Thou spak'st, and at thy feet
The Universe gave way.

"This, one writer has remarked, is sufficient, if he wrote nothing else, to give his name immortality."

COMMUNICATION.

Although I flatter myself I was sufficiently explicit in my former communication; yet as "A Bank Clerk" chooses to pervert my meaning, I shall give him a brief reply and then relinquish the subject.

The argument he has advanced to prove that the notoriety of a *failure* does not arise from the communicative conversation of Bank clerks is altogether malapropos, "The act of protest, Notary's fees" &c. are equally irrelevant to the subject. If the gentleman had paid stricter attention to the article which he intended to answer, he would readily have perceived that its meaning extended no farther than to those persons who redeem their paper at the day appointed, but at so late an hour that the usual time of closing the Bank arrives ere their business is concluded. It certainly can be of no consequence to a man who has actually *failed* whether the circumstance is made public this day, to-morrow, or next day; but it will not be denied that where there are any suspicions of a man's solvency (even though they are unfounded) every rumour calculated to excite those suspicions, is gnawing on the vitals of his reputation.

An Uninterested Observer.

19th July 1816.

For the Courier.

MR. GARDINIER,

I am after sending you my letter to a bit of a friend of mine, which you will please put in the *Mare's Currier*, being the best Post in all the world, not excepting the Post office of little Dublin. Och! the sweet place! and then I won't I feel myself, as I do, by anticipation,

Your most obedient servant,

WHISKEY O'BLARNEY,

[Some parts of the following witty effusion, are rather tough; but we venture to give it entire, nevertheless, for it is too good to be mutilated.]

WHISKEY O'BLARNEY'S LETTER, OR SONG,
TO PADDY O'FLANNAGAN.

Dear Pat, since I'm here, then I cannot but chuse, To tell you my troubles, and give you the news, So be after the post, in that sweet place, Killarney,

and ask for this letter from Whiskey O'Blarney.

And Pat—should they think to be after their fun,
And, with true office impudence, swear there is
none,

Just lend 'em a blow—which, whenever we meet,
I'll give you safe back; with a neat Irish treat.

And sure won't you tip 'em the lie to their face,
For thinking to bring on O'Blarney, disgrace.
For och! to make safe this same letter I've sent
Mr. Gardinhere's put it in beautiful prent.

Now wont I begin with the last news the first,
Because, on my soul Pat, I think it the worst,
And St. Patrick stick by me, your two eyes will
stare.

At the beautiful widow, and one Mr. Mare.

Now this widow, dear Pat, by great botheration,
And wakeing her husband, fell out of her Station,
And that big friend of mine, Misfortin, divil take
her,
Had chalked her quite out of the books of the bā-
ker.

And sure, when she found she couldnt get bread,
And herself and her children were like to go
dead,
What d'ye think did she do, this child of Eve's
daughter,
But to open a place, for to sell her own water.

Now this water her husband had left her in tail,
As a running estate that he thought wouldnt fail,
And 'twas full of fix'd air, tho' it stopp'd but a
minute,
Like a mug of laced beer, with a hot poker in it.

And now, look ye Paddy, just over the way,
And you'll see a fine stream, from another place
play,
And over the door, you may read, when its dark,
Here's fine Soda Water, by one Mr. Clark.

Now this Mare, that I told of before,
An apostate to shrines which he knelt at of yore,
Like a sinner, new christ'ned, being quite godly
given,
Swore he'd send the poor widow, and children to
heaven.

So the next Sunday morning his Mareship went,
Stopt her water from running, and bid her repent,
And turn from the wide federal road she was go-
ing.

To Coodys, bye path, or he'd be her undoing.
"Undoing" says she—"but you'd better take
care."

"Pray what might your name be"—says he "Mr.
Mare"

"Mr. Mare," cried the widow, "Och! now by
soul"

"But somehow your worship looks more like an
Owl.

"And sure now you'd pounce on myself and my
chickens;

"And from poverty's purse add a piece to your
pickings;

Yet blind as an owl in the bright beams of day,
Can't see the stream running just over the way.

"Hold your Hare footed tongue," said the mare
with a grin.

"Beyn't you damn'd now, my dear, for political
sin:

"And shure can't you see, moral duty's all talk,

"And a Coody may run, where a Federal can't
walk.

"As the Coodys, besides, are a sharp set for
money,

"Its as clear, as black's white I must fine you my
honey,

"Tis my duty you know, and you'd not have me
shy it,

"At least when it happens, I get something by it.

"Och, then the fair widow fell down on her kness,

"And cried "for God's sake, and myself, if you
please,

"Myself, and my children will starve Mr. Mare,"

"So I dont starve my myself, darling why should
I care:

"Och! its nonsense to tattle, you must shut up
your shop,

"For on Sunday its my duty, your water to stop,

"Tho' I let the stream run for my friend Mr.
Clark,

"You must hold fast my honey, until it is dark,

So now Pat you have it, just all neat and clean,
That this same Mr. Mare's but a scurvy spalpeen
And you'd tell them that same, in the town of
Killarney,

With a gentle God bless'em, from
WHISKEY O'BLARNEY.

POSTSCRIPT.

Sure I'd almost forgot, to tell you that Nell,
Is quite thin in the waist and looks mighty well,
And the kid is as brisk as a bottle of beer,
And cries "father Whiskey is that you my dear."
And they all send a mighty big bundle of love,
And some Yankee porators all over above,
And look for that letter, whenever it come again,
From your honest Pat,—I should say Mr Flana-
gan.

MR. O'BLARNEY once more.

New-York, this same 19 July, A. D. meaning
anno dohini Pat. 1816.

COMMUNICATION.

ROBBERY.—Yesterday morning between
the hours 10 and 11, people in the neighbor-
hood of the Rope Walks, near the Ship yards,
were alarmed by the loud and repeated cries
of "murder murder"—when it was soon discov-
ered *three villains* were attempting to make
their escape, who had been concerned in rob-
bing the person who gave the alarm—they
were fortunately pursued, and by great exer-
tions overtaken and safely lodged in Bride-
well. One of the *villians* was recognised by
the Officers as an old offender, and tis hoped
this will afford an opportunity of *once* more
securing him from committing his depreda-
tions upon the feeble and unprotected.

PHILADELPHIA, July 19.

LATEST FROM HAVANNA.

Capt. Hall, of the brig James Coulter, ar-
rived here in 10 days from the Havanna, in-
forms the Editor of the Freeman's Journal,
that on the 1st July, his excellency Don José
de Cienfuegos, captain general of the island
of Cuba, and Don Alexandro Ramirez, the
intendant, with 900 troops, arrived at Havan-
na.

On the 4th of July the Spanish frigate La
Alocha which was to convey the late captain
general to Vera Cruz, was burnt to the water's
edge.

State of the markets at Havanna—all kinds of American produce low, flour, \$13, coffee, 1 1-2, a 13, prime white sugar, \$16, brown from 9 a 10, muscovadoes from 9 to 9 50, molasses from 7 rs. to 8rs. per keg.

An Embargo was laid on all Spanish vessels, in consequence of seven Carthaginian privateers cruising off the port who had taken two Spanish government schrs. after a severe action of 3 hours.

Extract of a letter from an officer in the Mediterranean Squadron dated U. States frigate Constellation,

ALGIERS BAY, April 6, 1816.

"I believe I spoke of the fortifications of this place in one of my letters last summer. You know it is a walled town, and is built on the side of a steep hill, with a pretty regular ascent from the waters edge. The view of it is beautiful as you approach from Sea, and has the appearance of a City of white Marble, or Stone. This arises from all the houses being white washed, as well as the roofs which are flat. Its beauty is increased by the verdure of the hill, and the variety produced by trees of Orange, Lemon, Figs, sometimes in thick groves, concealing all but the top of one of these white houses. The soil appears to be a strong rich brown clay, mixed with such a proportion of sand as to render it very fertile. You now have the fairest side of the picture.—When you enter the City, you find yourself in narrow, confined filthy streets, of five and six feet in breadth, where your nose is assailed from every quarter with the stench of dead Dogs, Cats and every other species of filth. The streets in some places are arched entirely over; and in others the upper stores project so much as to meet and close at the top. The streets too are so crowded that you are in danger of being walked over by the lusty Turks. I am not surprised at the ravages of the Plague in such Towns.

The fortifications of this place are immense, and, if manned by Americans or Englishmen, it appears to me, might defy any naval power in the world. They mount very heavy metal, and the finest guns I ever saw, generally of Brass. I observed one of these pieces twenty five feet in length, the calibre large in proportion. Their chief batteries are built of Rocks that project some distance into the Bay, and from a very secure little Harbor for their shipping. It is said, they have in all one thousand pieces of Cannon mounted, certain it is they have as many mounted as can be used to advantage.

I was a little surprised on our arrival here, to see some of the Mountains to the Southward and Eastward, covered with snow, and every thing else like Summer."

BALTIMORE, July 18.

Late From Havanna.

The new Spanish Governor arrived at Ha-

is determined to execute fully the king's orders of shutting the ports against all foreigners—a measure very unpopular at the Island of Cuba.

Communicated for the Federal Gazette.

Extract of a letter from a house of the first respectability, to a house in this city, dated

"London, May 28, 1816.

"I wrote you 15th instant, that an unexpected rise had taken place in the Corn Market, and hopes were entertained that prices would soon rise so high as to admit importations of foreign Wheat and Flour; but prices have since fallen, and there is now no prospect of any advance to justify the admission of supplies from foreign countries.

"I have thought it necessary to give you this information to prevent your being led astray by my former advices on this subject of the 15th inst."

"Markets for Tobacco and most American produce, full and little demand; tobacco is still quoted 6 a 16d. little demand. Cotton 16d. a 3s, as in quality."

From the Philadelphia True American.

COMMUNICATION.

The following anecdotes of the capture of Washington are selected from Dr. Ewell's account of that event. The doctor is a gentleman of character and respectability, and his statement may be relied upon. It will do us good occasionally to take a peep at the fair side of the enemy's character. We have been feasted long enough with British perfidy and atrocity, dished up in as many savoury and enticing shapes as a calf's head. The marauding Cockburn and the bloody red coats have had their full share of execration. But the war is now over—never, we pray heaven to be renewed. Let us then have the manliness to be ashamed of our abuse and exaggerations—to meet the enemy with frankness and sincerity and to perpetuate by mutual offices of good will and charity the alliance between us. We may perhaps find that treachery and England are not precisely synonymous—that the marauding Cockburn could display the feelings of a gentleman, and that even George the Fourth is not quite so much a monster as a bon-vivant.

While upon this subject we cannot avoid deprecating the spirit of hostility which some of our writers endeavour to keep up to wards England. We admit that many of the remarks which issue from the English press are injurious and irritating. But one party or the other must begin to conciliate; and if we have come off from the contest as gloriously and triumphantly as many of our countrymen think, it is in the highest degree ungenerous to return the insults of our fallen foe. At all events the malignity of a few worthless hirelings ought not to be regarded, for the good sense of the English public cannot long be biassed by their misrepresentations. We think more nobly of the country of Washing-

in need of the waspish and irritated defences that have been made for it at home.

E. M.

In the mean time gen. Ross came up, to whom I was introduced. He had just come in time to infer from what admiral Cockburn had said that my house had been robbed. In a tone that will for ever endear him to me as a *perfect gentleman*, he observed that he was very sorry to hear that my house had been disturbed and begged I would tell him which it was and he would order a sentinel to guard it.

"This is my house, sir," said I—with an amiable embarrassment he replied, "why sir, this is the house we had pitched on for our head quarters."

I told him "I was glad of it, and regretted that he had not taken it earlier, as my property would then have been protected."

He observed, "he could never think of trespassing on the repose of a private family, and would order his baggage out of my house immediately."

I earnestly begged he would still consider it as his head quarters.

"Well sir," said he, "since you are so good as to insist on our staying at your house, I consent; but I will endeavour to give you as little trouble as possible. Any apartment under your roof will suffice me."

I asked him to accompany me and I would shew him a room. He assented, and I conducted him to my own bedchamber. He refused for some time to accept of it and insisted I should go and bring Mrs. Ewell home; observing that I might depend on it my family should be just as safe as they were the evening before, when the American army was here; for continued he—I am myself a married man—have several sweet children, and venerate the sanctities of the conjugal and domestic relations."

On my observing to general Ross, it was a great pity that the elegant library had been burnt with the capitol—he replied with much concern; I lament most sincerely that I was not apprised of the circumstance, for had I known it in time, the books would most certainly have been saved."

Neither do I suppose general, said I, you would have burnt the president's house, had Mrs. Madison remained at home?

"No sir," said he, "I make war neither against letters nor ladies; and I have heard so much in praise of Mrs. Madison, that I would rather protect than burn a house which sheltered such an excellent lady."

In praising Com. Barney for his behaviour at the battle of Bladensburg—"A brave officer, Sir," said he. "He had only a handful of men with him, and yet he gave us a severe shock. I am sorry he was wounded; however I immediately gave him a parole, and

continued he, "been composed of such men as the commodore commanded, with the advantage you had in choosing your position, we should never have got to your city."

What evidence more the magnanimity of this officer, he never uttered an expression in my presence, against the President or any of the officers of government; but often expressed the deepest regret that war had taken place between two nations so nearly allied, both in consanguinity and interest. I can, moreover, truly say, I never saw the sunbeam of one cheerful smile on Gen. Ross all the time that he was in Washington. His countenance seemed constantly shrouded in the close shades of a thoughtful mind.

Four distinguished citizens of Alexandria, waited on Admiral Cockburn, with terms of capitulation. He replied with characteristic brevity—"Gentlemen, I have nothing to say, till you first tell me, whether Captain Gordon is in sight of Alexandria or not."

They replied he was not.

"Well then Gentlemen, I am ready to negotiate with you; and now, all I have to say is, that we want provisions and must have them—But let me tell you for every article we take, you shall be allowed a fair price."

Scarcely had these gentlemen left the room, when one of the officers entered, and said, that the Bank could not be burnt, without injuring private property. "Well then," said he sternly, "pull it down."

"Admiral" said I, "you do not wish to burn private property." No," said he, "I do not; but this is *publick* property."

"No Sir," continued I, "the United States have no bank here now—this is altogether private property."

"Are you certain of that" said he—"Yes Sir, I pledge my honour it is private property." "Well then" said he to the officer, "let it alone."

As commodore Barney lay on the battle ground badly wounded and helpless, and his men by his own order retreated from him, he beckoned to an English soldier to come to his assistance. The soldier instantly stepped up and rendered the required service with alacrity—"You are a noble fellow" said the commodore, "and I am sorry I have not a purse for you; but here's my gold watch, you are welcome to it." "No Sir," replied the Englishmen, "I can assist a brave man without being paid for it."

An American gentleman observed to Admiral Cockburn that if Washington had been alive you would not have gotten to this city so easily." "No Sir" replied the Admiral, if Gen. Washington had been President, we should not have thought of coming here."

On the 25th, in the afternoon, as the General and Admiral were standing on the pave-

stained with blood, came running by, exclaiming that a British sailor had killed her.

Cockburn with every mark of indignation, instantly gave orders for the sailors to be mustered on parole, and that the man whom she designated as the perpetrator of the act, should be shot without delay.

On examining her wounds, it was found they were quite fleshy and slight. The Admiral afterwards sent for me and said "We were determined Sir, to have the sailor shot, who stabbed the poor woman; but it gives us pleasure to learn that it is your opinion her wounds are not mortal. As she has, however, been wounded, and more than probable by one of our own men, we think it but just that she should be cured at our own expense. That part of the business we shall be obliged to confide to you, and for your trouble, we beg of you to accept of this trifle," and reached me out a parcel of gold, six doubloons. I excused myself from taking so large a fee. "Large, my good Sir," said he, "we are only mortified to think it is so small, but it is, I assure you, all the specie we have with us. If you will accept a bill from our government, we will make it better worth your services."

FROM THE GLEANER.

It is easier to find faults in others, than to correct our own.

Well, my dear, said lady Sarcenet to her husband, as they entered the parlour—we have now visited Mr. and Mrs. Mantle, and how do you like them? Oh, very well, my love; they are very pretty folks; rather easy and negligent in their manner: did you observe how completely the lady rules her husband? Oh, completely—completely; and I wonder a little at that; he appears to be a man of fine sense: There is one thing I observed of her my dear, quite common though—that is, she has no kind of government over her children: didn't you observe that. Oh yes, I could not help observing it, for we could scarcely hear each other talk; and the parents could not say three words at a time without being interrupted. My Dear, what a beautiful phaeton Mr. Mantle has—Our old chair looks quite rusty: What if we should get Mr. Fills to make us a right nice new phaeton. It costs too much my love in these hard times. Why, my dear, we can as well afford it as Mr. Mantle. Certainly his business is no better than yours. He has a new—Sally, go away I tell you, I have no cake for you, now. He has a new store to be sure—but I don't see that his doors are any more crowded than yours.—Mary, I tell you again, let that glass alone. No, my love, but he has other resources, and our chair is very good yet. Why only think my dear—Sally, didn't I tell you to be still—I say the cake is all gone—'tis but three weeks since we had to get Mr. Fills to mend that—*what do you call it*—and I don't—Phillis, Phillis, there you will find some cake in that cupboard—get a piece for Sally—the hussy makes such a noise I cannot hear any thing else. I don't think that it will last much longer, and then—there Mary, didn't I tell you, you would break that glass—pretty work you have made indeed.—Only this morning you broke the sugar bowl. Go, and sit there, and don't you stir again until I tell you to go to bed—and then we shall have to

get a phaeton. That's true, my love, I know it cannot last a great deal longer—but I don't feel able to purchase a phaeton. Why now my dear that's your way. You are so economical—it's a good thing I know, my dear, but we ought not to be too close. Lady Ruffle said the other day that a man making money as fast as you was, and of your taste too, she should think would want a new chair—and its hardly—there now Mary, you have turned over my lemon-tree, you hussy! you! can't you be still. My dear, I wish you would make Mary be still or go to bed—she is really too bad—it's hardly worth while to get another chair, since they are getting out of fashion. We had much better have a nice phaeton at once.—Paul—Paul—In the morning I wish you to tell Mr. Fills to call up—Mr. Sarcenet wishes to see him, to get a new Phaeton. Very well madam. Now what colour will you have it, my dear. Green I think is pretty—don't, you like green, my dear? Yes my love, green will do. I think Mr. Mantle's would have looked better if it had been green!—I think we will have it green.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

We have seen private letters from Europe, which mention that it is supposed to be the intention of Lord Byron, who has left England for the East, to join Lady Hester Stanhope, in Arabia.—As the remarkable adventures of this distinguished lady may not be known to many of our readers, we copy the following account of them from a late French paper.

Lady Hester Stanhope, who belongs to one of the first families in England, merits a place among the most celebrated and intrepid travellers of the present age. This lady, the niece, the friend, and intimate companion of the great Pitt, was not less attached to him by conformity of mind than by the ties of blood. Pitt, who, as is known, died without fortune, left to his neices, poor like himself, a few lines, in which he recommended them to the generosity of the people of England. After the death of her uncle, Lady Hester formed the project of travelling in the Levant. She first repaired to Malta, and from thence proceeded to Constantinople. Wishing afterwards to make a pilgrimage to Palestine, she sailed for the Holy Land, but had the misfortune to be shipwrecked off the isle of Rhodes. Cast on a barren rock, she seemed to be destined to perish of hunger; but an English ship which appeared on the following day took her on board and conveyed her to Syria.—There she travelled in all directions, accompanied by Mr. Bruce, who has just been tried for the part he took in the escape of Lavalette. She spent several years wandering among the ruins of Palmyra and Hieropolis, and exploring the vallies of Mount Lebanon. Living for whole months on rice and water, and accustomed to the frugality of oriental habits, from being feeble and debilitated, she became a strong and vigorous Amazon.—According to letters which she has addressed to her family in England, she is now at the head of three tribes of Bedouin Arabs, who regard her as a being of a superior order. She has had several children whom she was fond of.

brought to her from England; and she declares that she will never forsake that land of the sun, to breathe the humid and cloudy atmosphere of Great Britain.

Advertised to be seen in Baltimore, "on its way from the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, to Boston in Massachusetts, a *Female Mummy* in entire preservation—She was recently discovered in a Salt Petre Cave. At the time, she was dressed in a superb shroud of the bark of Willow, and ornamented with beads, feathers and shells—having her instruments for working and music, lying by her; as was also a very curious wooden bowl, containing burnt bones, the relics of some of her friends, and a preserved skin of an immense rattle snake, and a variety of articles either for use or ornament—all of which are preserved, and now presented to the view of the curious. She appears to have been about five feet eight inches in height, and of the most delicate and elegant symmetry, the hair is still on her head, some of her teeth still remain and the nails on her fingers and toes are still perfect."

FAMILY.

Great Britain can produce in the royal line of Stuart, a race as steadily unfortunate as ever were recorded in history. Their misfortunes have continued with unabated succession, during 300 years.

Robert III. broke his heart, because his eldest son Robert was starved to death, and his youngest, James, made a captive.

James I. after having beheaded three of his nearest kindred, was assassinated by his own uncle, who was tortured to death for it.

James II. was slain by the bursting of a piece of ordnance.

James III. when flying from the field of battle, was thrown from his horse, and murdered in a cottage into which he had been carried for assistance.

James IV. fell in Flodden field.

James V. died of grief for the wilful ruin of his army, at Solway Moss.

Henry Stuart, lord Darnley, was assassinated, and then blown up in his palace.

Mary Stuart was beheaded in England.

James I. and IV. died, not without suspicion of being poisoned by lord Buckingham.

Charles I. was beheaded at Whitehall.

Charles II. was exiled many years.

James II. lost his crown, and died in banishment.

Anne, after a reign, which, though glorious, was rendered unhappy by party disputes, died of a broken heart, occasioned by the quarrels of her family servants.

The posterity of James II. have remained wretched wanderers in foreign lands.

Natural History.—There is now to be seen in this town the singular curiosity of a young living alligator. The egg from which it was hatched was brought by a sailor from South America to Greenock, and the person who now exhibits it

procured it when it was so small that it could be easily held in a person's hand. Not knowing how to treat it, he kept it without food for about six months, during which period it must have procured nourishment from the water with which it was supplied. As soon as it was advertised in Edinburgh it attracted considerable attention, and, among others, it was visited by an eminent Naturalist, who suggested a different, and, as it appears, most successful mode of treating it. Since that period its growth has been rapid; its length at present is above three feet, and every day makes a visible difference in its size. It is thought that it will grow to the size of 20 feet, and still remain tame. It feeds upon herrings, oysters, or generally on any kind of flesh, and is kept either in the water, or in a sort of box, with a glass top, near the fire. It is remarkable for its sagacity, and if thro' the night it wants water, it will leave its couch and make its way to the keeper's bed, when it will moan, and if by this means the keeper is not awakened, it will strike him with its tail until he attends to its wants. In like manner when it grows cold from the fire going out it makes its way to the keeper's bed, and putting aside the bedclothes, lies down beside him, in order to procure heat.—*New Castle Paper.*

TUESDAY, JULY 23.

It is a novel assertion, but I will prove, that there exists no difference between prose and poetry—Poetry is generally more figurative, more imaginative, but not always, and never necessarily so. Admit that rhyme is not "a necessary adjunct of true poetry," and in what does the difference consist? It is said that metrical harmony belongs almost exclusively to poetry. This I deny, and proceed to prove that there is as much metrical harmony in prose, and a greater variety of it than in poetry. I will take any piece of prose whatever to illustrate the truth of this proposition.—There are six different kinds of poetic feet, in common use, and it will be immediately discovered by the reader, that every composition in prose is absolutely made up of those poetic feet. 1st. A Dactyl consists of one long and two short syllables. Example "*Tytere | tu patu | le recu | bans sub | tegmine—fagi.*" The words horrible, laughable, beautiful, &c. are also dactyls.

The following line is a good example of a Greek hexameter in English.

"Multitudes, rush'd all at once on the plain with a thundering uproar."

2d. The Spondee consists of two long syllables—There are not many examples of this poetic foot in the English language, and indeed, what the Romans called long and short syllables, we have called, in English, emphatic and non-emphatic syllables.—The word *uproar*, is a spondee, and several other words of two syllables. We should be authorised to make any two monosyllabic words, a spondee, viz. *you are*, *I am*, &c.

3d. A Trochee is composed of one long and one short syllable—viz. *able*, *heavy*, *dreadful*, &c.

4th. The Iambic foot is composed of one short and one long syllable. E. g. *away*; *above*, *below*, *to-day*; *unseen*, &c.

5th. The Anapest consists of two short and one long syllable, E. g.

"With her mein, she enamours the brave,
With her wit she engages the free, &c.

6th. The Pyrrhic foot, I think, consists of two short syllables—for example, *many*, any; merry, very, &c.

The harmony of poetry is produced it is known, by the use of those poetic feet. Now let us proceed to examine whether every piece of prose, no matter how dull and unmusical, is not also made up of some or all of those same feet—

EXAMPLE THE FIRST.

Fifty dollars reward!
Negro Joe, ran away,
From the subscriber's house,
In the western precincts,
On the evening,
Of the second instant.
He was clad in a blue
Coatee, &c.

This is taken at random from a news-paper, and I scan it thus—Fifty (trochee) dollars (trochee) reward, (Iambus) negro (Troch.) Joe ran (spondee) away (Iamb.) From the (Troch.) subscri—(Iamb) bers house (Iamb) In the (Pyrrhicus) western (Troch.) of the (pyrh.) second (spondee or Troch.) Instant (Troch or Spond.) He was clad (anapest) In a blue (anapest.) Coatee (Spondee) &c.

The above scanning is natural and unstrained. If the reader objects to my calling some of the feet, Spondee or Iambus, at pleasure I reply, that the Romans did the same, and so do we, in our English poetry; why not in prose?

EXAMPLE 2d.

"I might add, that the state,
Of such a bar as that of
Scotland, can not, always
Afford a multiplicity
Of experienced men, to fill
A very numerous bench," &c.

The reader will find no difficulty in dividing this also into poetic feet, or any other piece of prose. Hence it appears, that prose is made up of poetic feet, of the greatest variety, resembling, in that respect, a Latin lyric ode. Our English Hexameter consists of only one kind of poetic foot, and is therefore exceedingly monotonous and fatiguing to the reader's ear, and consequently, greatly inferior to prose with regard to metrical harmony—The advertisement which I have scanned, possesses a rich variety of harmony, as it is composed of the Iambus, trochee, spondee, anapest, and pyrrhic feet—But the English heroic verse is composed of but one kind viz. the Iambus,

"e. g. *Aurora now, fair daughter of the dawn,*" &c.

Here you go up and down, to the end of the chapter, like a lame man, or like the ding dong of bells—nothing but ding dong. Some lines, I know, begin with a dactyl, for example,

Sprinkled with, rosy light the dewy lawn."

But even this variation seldom comes to comfort our ears.

It is my opinion that poetry ought to be

written in the same form as prose, always. The translation of Telemachus, and of Ossian, and the meditations of Hervey, are sufficient to prove, that poetic prose is at least *equal* to verse.

FOR THE COURIER.

I have often admired the following song, but have never been able to obtain a full and correct copy of it. I never saw a finer example of the incoherent energy of a phrenzied imagination. Though the ideas it contains are wonderfully extravagant, they are perfectly *natural* to a madman. A. B.

I am mad Tom—behold me!
I am mad Tom—behold me!
I'm mad I'm sure, and past all cure,
And Bedlam sparee can hold me.

I servant was to Pluto—
A servant true and faithful,
In making tools of Jove and his fools,
But O! he proved ungrateful.

I'll climb yon misty mountain,
And there I'll coin the weather;
I'll pluck the rainbow from the skies,
And splice both ends together.

I'll sail upon the Dog-star,
And then pursue the morning;
I'll chase the moon, till it be noon,
And make her cease her horning.

I'll mount the clear cerulean,
To shun the tempting Gypsies;
With the sun and moon I'll play at bowls
And fright the world with eclipses!

I'll pluck the stars from their orbits,
And crow'd them in my budget;
Now if I'm not a roaring boy
Let Gresham College judge it—

COMMUNICATION.

To a second communication from an uninterested observer, I am indebted for an opportunity of correcting a typographical error which crept into my reply to his first, and but for which, it appears, I should not have been so much honored. The substituting the word *obscurity* for that of *acerbity*, has led the writer to suppose that I did not comprehend him; but in this he is greatly mistaken—The something-more-than-insinuation, that the Clerks of the Banks took unusual and extraordinary pains to propagate any circumstance that would be injurious to the credit of the dealer—That this too was done under the sanction, and at the instance of the directors, was as clear and distinct in expression, as it was ungenerous and false in point of the fact—at least so it appeared to me, but as the writer himself has probably forgot by this time what he did say, I shall quote the sentence for his edification.

"Would it not redound still more to the credit of the Bank [the directors] to employ a printer's boy, who as the clock strikes three, would put the names of the delinquents in press, least the Clerks should forget (which however is very improbable) to mention it at the dining table."

The Clerks of the Banks it is presumed are formed of the same materials as the rest of the community, possess as feeling hearts and humane tempers as this *uninterested observer* and his associates, and judging from what has fallen under my individual observation, take much less pains to

which our actors, and particularly our actors, in society are continually practising. I have more than once baffled the chiefs of this sect; shall I not then be on my guard against their imitators? What I am now writing, I said the other day to a young man who accompanied me in a walk, and whose mind was, I feared, a little tinctured with this affectation.—As we left home, I pointed out to him, a few yards from the hermitage, a small house where a young married couple, celebrated in the arts, had shut themselves up some years ago to withdraw entirely from the tumult of the world, and to live only for each other.—“What happiness must they enjoy,” exclaimed my young companion, “and how much do I envy their felicity. Let us enter, sir, and see this charming retreat, the abode of youth, innocence and love.”—I calmed his enthusiasm by informing him that three months after this voluntary seclusion, the husband and wife returned to Paris, each seeking a divorce. “What inference would you draw from this?” rejoined he, a little out of humour. “That we should mistrust a sentiment which displays itself with so much ostentation; that false sensibility is a cloak to cover many other defects; and that real feeling is not always exempt from vanity, and is even sometimes allied to a species of inhumanity.”—“I do not comprehend the latter trait,” said he “and should be glad to hear how such a paradox can be maintained.” “By examples, which you will not dispute,” cried I, laughing, “for I shall take them from among your own acquaintance. I have seen you sometimes at Madame Vernon’s; she holds a distinguished rank amongst our painters, and confesses herself that she owes the principal part of her fame to her excessive sensibility. Every body knows the closeness of the friendship which existed between her and M. Maurice, one of our greatest artists. He fell dangerously ill at a time when Madame Vernon was employed on her picture of the *Communion of St. Jerome*. She did not for a moment quit her friend’s bed side, lavished upon him the most tender cares, in which she would suffer no one to participate, even when his disorder assumed a fatal appearance. Her picture remained on easel for want of a model to finish the head of St. Jerome, which she wished should rival the finest composition of Dominichino. On a sudden the lady was struck with the spectacle before her eyes; the despair of friendship, in a moment gave way to the enthusiasm for the arts; she seized her pencil, with a steady hand, traced her faithful copy of the features of her dying friend, and finished that portrait, which is the finest of her works. It is said that M. Maurice, who, contrary to all expectation, recovered from his fit of illness, was not very highly gratified with this mark of attachment.

“I have often heard you boast of M. de Valmont and his wife, as models of every conjugal virtue; you have even I believe, composed some verses on them, wherein you alternately compare them to Philemon and Baucis, and Pæus and Aria.” “And I have highly honoured both those pairs,” replied the young man with some warmth. “Will you deny that they adore each other, and that under the snows of age, they have preserved the sensibility and love for each other, which adorned their youth.” “You speak more truly than you imagine,” answered I, “but I deny nothing; I relate facts, and leave you to decide upon them. Convinced of this sentimental axiom, that in every connection where souls are closely linked, the object of the greatest pity is the one which has the misfortune to survive what it loves; each of these as you shall see, is placed

by anticipation in this dreadful condition. I was some little time ago in the country with M. and Madame Valmont at Madame Desmason’s their relation. One morning I met M. de Valmont in the park at an early hour, and continuing our walk, we arrived at a little bower of sycamores and acacias of a very romantic appearance. We seated ourselves on two broken pillars, and there M. de Valmont, with a voice almost inarticulate from tears, made me acquainted with a project he had formed of erecting on this spot the tomb of his wife. “She loves this place,” said he, “it is the part to which she generally directs our walks, and more than once I have surprised her with her handkerchief to her eyes; her health decays; I guess the thoughts which occupy her mind, and her wish shall be gratified. During all the season I have employed myself, unknown to her, in arranging this little bower, agreeably to the melancholy office it is destined to perform. The idea alone has already cost me many tears. I was quite astonished with the singularity of such a confidence, and I knew not what reply to make to this communication, when the bell ringing for breakfast, relieved me from my embarrassment.

“We returned hastily to the house, the repast was dispatched with gaiety; Madame de Valmont was in high spirits, and rising from the table, she took my arm for a walk, while her husband remained behind to read the newspapers. As we discoursed, either accidentally or on purpose she led me to the very spot which I had just quitted: at the sight of the little bower, seized with a convulsive trembling, she appeared ready to faint.

“I wished to have conducted her from this gloomy place, but she entered it in spite of my endeavours, and seated herself on the same pedestal which her husband had occupied an hour before. After having smelt to some salts, with which she is always furnished, ‘You must not be surprised,’ said she, sobbing, ‘at the sudden illness which has seized me, I fall into this condition every time I draw near this little grove, and yet I cannot prevail on myself to stay away from it.’ (I expected now to hear her talk of her approaching dissolution.) ‘The poor soul sinks apace,’ (continued Madame de V.) ‘he often comes to meditate in this solitary scene, and we never visit it together, but he embraces me in a manner which reaches my heart. There it is that I have chosen his last asylum; the place which I have fixed on for his monument is pointed out by this weeping willow, which I planted with my own hands, and which is often watered with my tears. (My young friend at this burst into a fit of laughter.) ‘I had much trouble to prevent myself from doing the same thing,’ continued I, “and I asked myself the question which now I put to you—of what nature is the sensibility of this tender couple, who occupy themselves while alive with fancying the duties they will perform to each other when they die; and who have the courage to familiarize themselves beforehand with the cruel idea of an eternal separation?”

“But as I am in a gossiping humour (old men are not easily stopped) I will relate to you another anecdote of the same species, and for the truth of which the whole town Montpellier can vouch.

“Dr. Lestrat, one of the most skilful physicians of that place, was betrayed into more follies to obtain the hand of Mademoiselle Emily de Vigneul, than any romantic lover of the first novelist of the day. An inward malady, which snatched Madame Lestrat away two years after their marriage, plunged her husband into the most dreadful despair. Nothing could induce him to submit to a final separation; and to save from the tomb the adored remains of his beloved Emily, he confided

her corpse to a skilful artist, who was supposed to possess the Egyptian secret of embalming bodies. His success even surpassed his hopes; he saw his wife again; it was herself, her features, her attitude; even her complexion preserved the brilliancy and freshness of life.

"This precious mummy, clothed with an elegant simplicity, was placed as in a sleep on a couch of black velvet, in the cabinet of M. Lestrat; a curtain of sky-blue taffeta concealed her from all profane eyes, and every day her inconsolable husband paid her a visit, to indulge in his regrets and anguish. During two years, the same affliction, the same attention.—At the end of that term, it was observed that the Doctor's visits became less punctual to his wife, and more frequent to Madame Dorsange. By degrees the cabinet was deserted, and the door was closed.—Six months had elapsed, and no one had entered the sentimental closet, when M. Lestrat celebrated his second marriage.—His new wife, however, who was not ignorant to what a pitch her husband carried his sensibility, insisted on the repudiation of her embalmed rival. The Doctor paid his respects to the Vigneul family, begging them to take back their relation. The Vigneuls piqued at the new marriage, rejected the proposition. During these negotiations, poor Emily was banished to an old box at the bottom of a wardrobe, where the living mistress of the house would not suffer her to remain.—The Vigneuls continued obstinate in their refusal, and it became necessary to have recourse to the curate of the parish; but he, on hearing they wished him to bury a woman four years after her death, refused her the sepulchral rites. In this unfortunate embarrassment the poor Doctor, not knowing to whom to apply, determined to enter the body without any further notice, in a retired corner of his garden; and there are now no vestiges of a woman formerly so much deplored, but six feet of earth, where the grass will no longer grow, on account of the strong smell of camphor and aromatics which still exhale from the Egyptian preparations.

"I do not assert," (added I, on finishing my recital,) "like the Stoics, that sensibility is an evil, much less a vice, but I wish you to learn from this conversation the following axiom, that true sensibility is a sentiment full of modesty, to which concealment is more necessary than even to love itself."

At the late installation of the French Academy, M. Cuvier, perpetual Secretary, read some observations on the progress of the sciences and their relations with society.—The following remarks of his on the application of the steam engine may give rise to some reflections in the mind of the English reader:—"A vessel has crossed the sea without sails, without oars, without seamen. One man to keep up the fire, another to guide the helm, are all its crew; it is propelled by an internal force, like an animated being, like a bird of the sea floating on the waves—to use the captain's expression. Every one perceives to what an extent this invention will simplify the navigation of our rivers, and the saving that it may create in men and horses; but we may be also permitted to look forward to consequences more remote, and perhaps of still higher importance—namely, the change which may result from it in maritime war, and the power of nations. It is extremely probable that it will be placed, at some future time, in the list of those experiments which have changed the face of the globe."

When Garrick was in France, he made a

short excursion from the capital with the celebrated Parisian performer, Preville. They were on horseback, and Preville took a fancy to act the part of a drunken chevalier.—Garrick applauded the imitation, but told him he wanted one thing, which was essential to complete the picture; he did not make his legs drunk.—"Hold, my friend, (said he) and I shall shew you an English blood, who, after having dined at a tavern, and swallowed three or four bottles of Port, mounts his horse in a summer evening to go to his box in the country." He immediately proceeded to exhibit all the gradations of intoxication. He called to his servant, that the sun and the fields were turning around him; whipped and spurred his horse until the animal reared, and wheeled in every direction; at length he lost his whip, his feet seemed incapable of resting in the stirrups, the bridle dropped from his hand, and he appeared to have lost the use of all his faculties. Finally, he fell from his horse in such a death-like manner, that Preville gave an involuntary cry of horror, and his terror greatly increased when he found that his friend made no answer to his questions. After wiping the dust from his face, he asked again, with emotion and anxiety of friendship, whether he was hurt? Garrick whose eyes were close, half opened one of them, hic-cupped, and with the most natural tone of intoxication, called for another glass. Preville was astonished, and when Garrick started up, and resumed his usual demeanour, the French actor exclaimed—"My friend, allow the scholar to embrace his master, and thank him for the valuable lesson he has given him."

THE WREATH AND CHAIN.

I bring thee, love, a golden chain;
I bring thee, too, a flow'ry wreath:
The gold shall never wear a stain;
The flow'rets long shall sweetly breathe.
Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
To bind thy gentle heart to me?

The chain is of a splendid thread,
Stol'n from Minerva's yellow hair,
Just when the setting sun had shed
The sober beam of evening there.
The wreaths of brightest myrtle wove,
With brilliant tears of bliss among it,
And many a rose leaf, cul'd by love,
To heal his lip when bees have stung it,
Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
To bind thy gentle heart to me?

Yes, yes, I read that ready eye,
Which answers when the tongue is loth;
Thou lik'st the form of either tie,
And hold'st thy playful hands for both.
Ah! if there were not something wrong,
The world would see them blended oft;
The chain would make the wreath so strong!
The wreath would make the chain so soft!
Then might the gold, the flow'rets, be
Sweet fetters for my love and me!

But, Fanny, so unblest'd they twine,
That (Heav'n alone can tell the reason)
When mingled thus, they cease to shine,
Or shine but for a transient season.

Whether the chain may press too much,
 Or that the wreath is slightly braided,
 Let but the gold the flow'rets touch,
 And all their glow, their tints are faded !
 Sweet Fanny, what would rapture do,
 When all her blooms had lost their grace ?
 Might she not steal a rose or two
 From other wreaths to fill their place ?
 Oh ! better to be always free,
 Than thus to bind thy love to me.

The timid girl now hung her head,
 And as she turn'd an upward glance,
 I saw a doubt its twilight spread
 Along her brow's divine expanse.
 Just then the garland's dearest rose
 Gave one of its seducing sighs—
 Oh ! who can ask how Fanny chose,
 That ever look'd in Fanny's eyes ?
 " The wreath, my life, the wreath shall be,
 " The tie to bind my soul to thee."

WEDNESDAY, JULY 23.

COMMUNICATED.

"On whatever side I turn my eyes," all is confusion, and opposition, and disunion in the ranks of democracy. We have seen the foremost democrats, suddenly hurled by the government, "down, down to bottomless perdition," and their lofty seats supplied by federal apostates. Wilkinson, the flower of modern chivalry, and Armstrong, one of the patriarchs of jacobinism, among others, have passed away, like meteors. "Sic transit gloria mundi!"

Even Duane, the old champion of his party, is at length alarmed, and perhaps conscience-struck, by the ruinous extent to which a feeble administration has pushed wicked and impolitic measures, and has openly rebelled against the majesty of democracy. And there is Doctor Leib! the ornament of the Tammany Society; and for years past the unconditional, zealous supporter of the administration, who has proclaimed from the house tops the wickedness & weakness of the administration he had so long supported, and the enormity and danger of political sins, which he had so long abetted and fattened upon. There is not a state in the Union possessed of more true patriotism; of more political honesty; of more devotion to the administration, than Tennessee. It must be confessed, however, that the Tennesseans have been always too ready to forgive the errors of their rulers, or too much blinded by partiality to discover them. They have always been indulgent to a fault, towards the administration. But even Tennessee is at length so much shocked by the enormity, the injustice and the folly of their conduct, that they have held meetings in order to remonstrate against them. They have remonstrated against them in the most decisive and spirited manner, for having foolishly and unjustly ceded to their savage foes, a rich and extensive territory, which they had purchased at the expense of their blood and their treasure. Well might they be offended, for they were not even consulted, or in any way regarded, in this important transaction, which so much concerned their interest and their honour. In this state also, the democrats are in confusion and open war—The federalists have been vanquished by the democrats here, and the victors are just beginning to fight among one another, about the spoils of their victory.

It is always thus with jacobinism, which is swayed by men, not principles; by passion, and not wisdom; by selfishness, and not patriotism. The result of all this confusion will be, as it always

has been, destruction to the party, and incalculable distress and injury to the infatuated country.—"A house divided against itself, can not stand."

PHILADELPHIA, July 22.

Hydrophobia.—A recent case which occurred at Frankford, and was ended by the suicide of the unhappy man, has been published. Another case exists in this city. A man was bit by a mad dog about two weeks since, and on Saturday he was seized with strong symptoms of hydrophobia. —Citizens be on your guard!

It is reported that Richard Meade, esq. of this city, while acting as vice consul, (in the absence of Mr. Cathcart,) at Cadiz, has been seized by an armed force under the authority of the Spanish government, and committed to a dungeon in the Castle of St. Catalina.—*Aurora.*

At Palermo, Sicily, May 25, no insurrection at Tunis had been heard of. The mail arrives three times a week at Palermo from Naples, and there were frequent arrivals at Naples from Tunis. At the last date the British squadron was at Tripoli, endeavouring to make her do as Algiers and Tunis have. The Princess of Wales had arrived at Malta from Tunis, and then sailed for Athens. Her immediate attendants are German, and she sails from place to place with apparent impatience, in a polacre ship, which she has hired.—*Boston paper.*

From the *Charleston City Gazette* of July 15.

Robbery.—On Thursday night last, the store No. 113, King-street, lately occupied by Mr. J. H. Benson, and containing a quantity of dry goods, was entered at the back window by a gang of villains, and robbed of goods to a considerable amount. No marks of violence was discoverable upon the windows at which they obtained ingress. John Brown, James Sterrett, Oliver Scovil, and Margaret Barker, were, on Saturday night last, apprehended upon suspicion of having being concerned in the above robbery, and yesterday were examined by LEWIS BOUX, Esq. It was satisfactorily proved that they were the perpetrators of the crime, and were accordingly committed to goal for further examination. John Harper, another (and one of the principals) of the clan, has not yet been taken.

The goods have been principally recovered—a part of them shipped on board a vessel bound to Wilmington, and a part buried in the garden of one of the culprits.

From the (*Hagers Town*) *Torch Light*.

PEOPLE'S MONEY AGAIN.

According to promise, we now lay before our readers an *official statement of balances which have been due more than three years prior to September last*, on the books of the treasury of the United States. This statement was sent from the treasury department to congress last winter, by the comptroller Mr. Anderson, with the following letter.

*Treasury Department, Comptroller's Office, }
 December 8th, 1815. }*

SIR—In compliance with the provisions

contained in the act of congress, entitled, "An act further to amend the several acts for the establishment and regulation of the treasury, war, and navy departments," passed 3d March, 1809. I have the honor to transmit to congress statements of the accounts in the treasury department. Those from the war and navy departments have not yet been furnished, but it is expected they will in an early part of the season, and will then be duly transmitted.

Statement No. 1. contains a list of balances which appear to have been due more than three years prior to 30th September last, on books of receipts and expenditures of the treasury.

Statement No. 2. contains a list of balances remaining on the revenue books of the treasury, which appear to have been due more than three years, prior to the 1st January, 1815.

With great respect,
JOSEPH ANDERSON.

The honorable HENRY CLAY,
Speaker of the house of representatives
of the United States.

This statement, thus officially given by Mr. Madison's comptroller, contains the names of about *four hundred delinquent debtors on the treasury books*; and the amount of the balances thus due is as follows. Total amount of balances originating at the treasury of more than three years standing, one million five hundred and eighty-one thousand and fifty six dollars.

Total amount of balances transmitted from the war department to the treasury *three hundred and sixty thousand, five hundred and two dollars.*

Total amount of balances transmitted from the navy department to the treasury, *one hundred and eighty seven thousand, one hundred and thirty four dollars*—making in all at the treasury, *two million one hundred and twenty-eight thousand, six hundred and ninety-two dollars.*

If these balances had been collected and settled as they ought to have been, they would have made a sum nearly equal to the nett amount of the present years direct tax, and of course would have obviated the necessity of laying that burden upon the people.—As it is we must have taxes both to pay our debts and defray the costly and growing expenses of our rulers, as well as to be a substitute for that portion of the public money which is suffered to lie dead in the hands of individuals who have fingered it.

LOOK HERE.

At the names and amount of some of these gentry who have large balances standing against them, and above all look at the remarks attending each ones name.—Here they are.

General Armstrong stands indebted five thousand six hundred and seventy eight dol-

lars—and nothing said as to further credits, or suit ordered or any proceeding to get the money.

John Beckley, a famous democratic clerk of congress, stands indebted five thousand one hundred and twenty one dollars—for which there is a judgment against his executors—Beckley has been dead this twelve years.

Brown, Clark, Hakeman and Owings on account of protested bills of exchange, ten thousand six hundred and sixteen dollars.—

Brown, Hakeman, Owings, Clark and Pascault, for do. twenty eight thousand seven hundred and fifty nine dollars.

Samuel Annin, pay-master and store-keeper, Harpers-Ferry, fifteen thousand seven hundred and two dollars.

William Blount, governor of Tennessee, one thousand dollars—stated to be *dead and insolvent.*

John B. Barnes, captain and pay-master in the army (O! What a glorious chance!) stands indebted six thousand eight hundred and sixteen dollars.

Joel Barlow, minister to France, forty nine thousand four hundred and fifty dollars—dead.

R. G. Beasley, Consul at London, thirty four thousand six hundred and six dollars.

William C. C. Claiborne, Governor of Orleans, fourteen thousand three hundred and twenty-five dollars. This man is a great favorite of Mr. Jefferson's and Mr. Madison's, his accounts are large and of long standing and nothing done or talked of to bring him to a settlement.—So much for favorites.

Solomon Ellis, contractor for Georgia, eleven thousand four hundred and eighty five dollars.—In suit, judgment had, but he has absconded.

Richard Forrest, clerk in secretary of states office, who it is said has taken largely in the late war loans—forty three thousand eight hundred and seventy six dollars—he claims credits but his vouchers won't do.

Roger Gregory, agent of commissioners, Virginia, eighteen thousand nine hundred and sixty one dollars.

Tobias Lear, consul of Algiers, now accountant of the war department, ten thousand and two hundred and forty two dollars.

This balance said to be reduced.

James Monroe, secretary of state and caucus president, seven hundred and twelve dollars—he claims further credits.—Pretty work, a balance that has been standing against him for more than three years, during which time he has pocketed out of the treasury more than twelve thousand dollars, and yet this balance stands upon a *claim of further credits.*—Quere, is this part of the money that Monroe took from the United States to buy a court dress for his wife when she was invited to attend at the coronation of Bonaparte? It is true that no man can deny it, that when James Monroe was minister to France at a salary of nine thousand dollars a year, he an-

* The navy list of balances we gave in our last from a document published for this purpose.

hundred dollars to buy a dress for Mrs. Monroe to go to an imperial party.

Return J. Meigs, post-master general at this time, stands indebted five thousand five hundred dollars—*he too claims credits.*

William Pinkney, now minister to Russia, ten thousand four hundred and twenty five dollars—*he too claims credits.*

Charles Pinkney, Mr. Jefferson's minister to Spain, one thousand two hundred and fifty eight dollars.—This has been a longstanding balance, and he has been requested to pay this balance.

Edmund Randolph of Virginia, secretary of state, fifteen thousand six hundred and eighteen dollars. Governor Nicholas of Virginia, is bound for this money, therefore it may be had *if he has hogs enough to pay it*—otherwise as land and negroes are not liable to execution for debt in Virginia, he may live like a neighbor and a governor whilst the United States may whistle for their money, and tax the people to get money to supply its place.—But Virginia is altogether democratic, it is the great state that gives us republican presidents, republican secretaries of state and republican every thing.—It is right that such a republican state as Virginia, under the direction of such renowned republicans as Mr. Jefferson and Madison and Monroe, should exempt its lands and slaves from execution for debt, whilst it confines the right of suffrage to freeholders—this is republicanism.—But take Mr. Monroe and Virginia because he and she and you are all, all republicans.

Nicholas J. Roosevelt, contractor for copper for ships, thirty thousand dollars—all of which will be lost.

John Smith, contractor, (ah! those contractors are fine things) twenty one thousand eight hundred and forty nine dollars—said to be insolvent, and has absconded.

Fulwar Skipwith, six hundred and seventy five dollars.

These are some of the most important democratic friends to the people, who hold on tightest upon their cash—there are others amounting in all, as we before stated to about four hundred debtors.

HERE AGAIN.

Total amount of balances due on revenue books by collectors of customs, *which are of more than three years standing*, one million two hundred and seventy thousand eight hundred and twenty-two dollars.

MORE—

Balances of internal revenue under act of Congress 5th June 1795, due ever since, two hundred and fifty one thousand, five hundred and thirteen dollars.

MORE YET—

Balances of direct tax of two million, laid in John Adam's time, and due ever since, fifty four thousand seven hundred and seventeen dollars.

MORE AND MORE STILL.

account of sales of public lands, who are now out of office and have been due more than three years. eighteen thousand three hundred and eight dollars.

NOW FELLOW CITIZENS,

You get a small insight at the state of your public accounts and monies, which have been of more than three years standing—Be you assured there is ten times the derangement and ten times the amount of the sums due within the last five years, and principally flowing from the war. What is the amount of your floating war debt, in contradistinction to your funded debt? No one will pretend to say—but it is between ten and thirty millions of dollars—probably nearer the last. What is the amount of the unsettled balances in the hands of contractors, paymasters, &c. &c.? No man will hazard a guess, but they will constitute millions more—when we get hold of the list of balances from the war department, we will give them and then let the folks stand aghast!!!

Reflect on these things good people and say, if this is the way you wish your accounts and money matters to be managed, and if you are willing to be eternally taxed to put those taxes into the hands of such men.—This is but a speck we have given you—a mere glance at the corruption, the mis-management, the negligence of our rulers—The whole amount now presented from accountant of navy and treasury of neglected balances due the United States is about *four millions of dollars*, and nothing said from the war department, except of those balances which have been transferred to the treasury.

Thus we have arrived at about four millions of dollars from under their own official hands which is corruptly or negligently suffered to lie dead to the government whilst the people are actually taxed to make up that very deficiency—If this is justice—if this is right, then we confess ourselves wrong. We will give you a little more again.

LORD BYRON:

We have this moment learned, says the Virginia Patriot of July 10, from a gentleman who received his information from another lately arrived from London, what was the cause of Lord Byron's breaking the matrimonial chain. Lord Byron is said to have introduced to his wife, and brought into his family, as a virtuous acquaintance, a fair and frail one of the Thespian Corps. Probably the woman against whom his mud and brickbat satire was directed, was instrumental in discovering and disclosing his infidelity.—Lord Byron confesses his possession of *faults*: if his others are all of magnitude not inferior to this, his virtues and accomplishments will have little weight, if put in the balance with them. His impudence, in ostentatiously and unnecessarily making public his domestic concerns, and braving the moral frown of the world, is equalled only by his profligacy.

LONDON, May 11.

On Friday sen'night some men enclosed in their net, in Chester River, near Park-gate,

animal. When caught, it immediately rolled itself up. In length, it is about six inches and a half, and in shape not unlike the variegated hairy caterpillar, called "*The Tailor*." Its back is covered with a very fine dark hair, and small black prickly substances, resembling the pen-feathers on young birds. The hair on its side is beautifully variegated, and the belly is of a light color, approaching to white. It has 56 feet, and on each foot several black points, appearing as claws. The head in proportion to the body, is very small. This wonderful production of nature is now in the possession of Mr. Edward Titley, druggist, Bridge-street, Chester, and is worthy the investigation of any person—but the Naturalist particularly.

From late London Papers.

SCIENTIFIC.

From No. 1 of the *Quarterly Journal of Science and the Arts*, edited at the Royal Institution of Great Britain.

"Thursday, Feb. 22, Sir Everard Home presented an account of the Feet of those Animals, whose progressive motion can be carried on in opposition to gravity.

"It is well known, that the house-fly is capable of walking upon the ceiling of rooms, in which situation its body is not supported on the legs—but the principal upon which it does so, has not been explained, because the animal is too small for the feet to be anatomically investigated.

"Sir Everard was not aware, that any animal of a much larger size was endowed with the same power, till Sir Joseph Banks told him that the LACERTA GECKO, a native of the Island of Java, was in the habit of coming out of an evening from the roofs of the houses, and walking down the smooth hard polished chuman walls in search of flies that settle upon them, and then running up again. Sir Joseph, while at Batavia, was in the habit of catching this animal by standing close to the wall with a long flattened pole, which being made suddenly to scrape its surface, knocked it down. He procured Sir Everard, a specimen of a very large size, weighing five ounces three quarters avoirdupoise weight, which enabled him to ascertain the peculiar mechanism by which the feet of this animal can keep their hold of a smooth hard perpendicular wall, and carry up so large a weight as that of its own body. Sir Everard particularly described the anatomy of the foot of this lizard, which is so constructed as to enable it to produce a number of small concavities which act like so many cupping glasses, and atmospheric pressure retains him in his position. The author, having ascertained the principle on which an animal of so large a size as this, is enabled to support itself in progressive motion against gravity, felt himself more competent to examine into the mechanism by which the common fly supports itself with so much facility in still more disadvantageous situations. An account was then given of the

which shewed that it possessed concave surfaces capable of action in the same manner as those of the Lacerto Gecko; and that, therefore, its progressive motion against gravity was effected by the same means."

ADVERTISEMENT—EXTRAORDINARY.

WANTS A SITUATION.

An EMPEROR who has served in the highest and lowest capacities; refers for his military character to the King of Prussia, and to the Emperors of Austria and Russia; engages to shew the way to any capital in Europe, London, only excepted; and undertakes to lead any army to conquest, provided he does not meet the Duke of Wellington—Begg leave to observe to the gentlemen of the army, that he permits pillage and free quarters; knows how to dispose of his prisoners, and to provide for the sick and wounded.

Wishes to have it understood, that his civil qualifications are equal to his military; has studied imperial eloquence and actions under *Tolma*; receives Ambassadors with propriety—speaks all languages (including *le Language des Halles*) with fluency; is a good writer, several of his papers have been inserted in the *Moniteur*, understands perfectly all the ceremonials of a Court, from a Coronation to an abdication, particularly expert in the latter; gets up *fetes* to the taste of any nation; can perform funerals if required. Deems it superfluous to mention that any Nation wishing to employ him, may be secure of the utmost liberality in the articles of morals and religion; polygamy and divorce permitted; objects to suicide; tolerates any form of worship, dispenses with an established religion; engages to change his own at the shortest notice; thinks it fit to mention that he has already been a Jew, a Musselman, and infidel, and a good Catholic. Has no followers; pecuniary considerations no object.

To be heard of at *le Lion D'or* Havre-de-Grace. Letters addressed to N. B. post-paid, or under cover for *Carnot, Paris*, will be duly attend to.

N. B. Has no objection to going to Ireland; (provided a passport can be obtained from the Noble Lord who commands the Channel Fleet.)—August 25, 1815.

THE CARDS SPIRITUALIZED.

The following anecdote, which, perhaps will be new to many, will shew that cards may be viewed in a light neither unfriendly to morals nor religion:

A certain soldier attending divine service in a church at Glasgow, instead of pulling out a bible, like the rest of the congregation when the clergyman named the text, spread a pack of cards before him. This indecent conduct did not pass without notice, and he was summoned before a magistrate to answer for his irreverence. On being asked what apology he could make for his behaviour, he thanked the magistrate for the indulgence granted him, and proceeded thus:

mit me to speak for myself, an't please you. I have been eight days upon the march, with the bare allowance of sixpence a day, which your worship will grant is scarcely sufficient to furnish absolute necessities, so that a soldier may easily be conceived to have little money to lay out in books; but I make this pack of cards remind me of my duty in the best manner I can."

Spreading the pack he continued: "When I see an *ace*, may it please your honor, it reminds me there is only one God; and when I look on a *two* or a *three*, the former puts me in mind of the Father and the Son, and the latter of the Farther Son, and Holy Ghost. A *four* calls to my remembrance the four Evangelists, Mathew, Mark, Luke and John; a *five*, the five wise virgins who trimmed their lamps; a *six*, that in six days God created the heaven and the earth; a *seven*, that on the seventh day he rested from all that he had made; an *eight*, the eight righteous persons that were preserved from the deluge; a *nine*, the nine ungrateful lepers who were cleansed, but neglected to return thanks, and a *ten*, the ten commandments."

Separating the *knave* from the rest, he proceeded: "The *queen* reminds me of the queen of Sheba; as her companion the *king* does of the great King of Heaven, and of his majesty George III."

"Well," replied the magistrate, you have given a very good account of all the cards except the *knave*—"Please your honor, I do not know a greater than the person who brought me before you."

The soldier then went on: "When I count the number of dots in a pack of cards, I find there are 365; so many days there are in a year; the number of cards correspond with the weeks in a year, and the number in each suit answer the lunar months; so that, please your worship, this pack of cards is both bible and almanac to me."

The magistrate was pleased with the ingenuity of the soldier, and, presenting him with a bible, requested he would make a proper use of it, and never more employ his pack of cards as a public remembrancer of his duty.

Georgetown Gaz.

A grand Dinner was given on Saturday at the Freemasons' Tavern, in commemoration of the poet Burns, and in aid of the subscription for erecting a tomb to his memory; the Earl of Aberdeen in the Chair. On proposing "the Memory of Burns," the noble President eloquently set forth the merits of the Poet. The toast was drunk in silence, and the Earl of Aberdeen, shortly after, understanding the son of Burns was present, with some of his relations, begged to propose his health, and that of his family. Mr. Burns, in a speech truly affecting, from the sensibility, neatness, and simplicity with which it was delivered, acknowledged this compliment in appropriate terms. He expressed his high

his deceased father, by the commemoration of his name.—For himself, his mother, and the other members of his family, who had no claim to the notice of that distinguished assembly, other than that which arose out of their connexion with him who was peculiarly the object of their admiration, he begged to say they had ever felt, and still did feel, the most lively gratitude for the enthusiastick kindness and attention they had experienced from the friends of the Poet of Scotland. Among the toasts "Mr. Thomas Campbell, and the living Poets of Scotland," and "The Scotch Artists," were proposed amidst the sileuts of the Assembly. Mr. Campbell and Mr. Wilkie returned thanks. Many National Songs and Scotch Melodies were sung in the course of the evening, and a Poem, written for the occasion by Mr. Campbell, was recited with much feeling, and prodigious effect, by Mr. Conway.

LIMBO.

THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF HONOR."

BY LORD BYRON.

Star of the brave! whose beam has shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—
Thou radiant and adored deceit!
Which millions rushed in arms to greet;
Wild meteor of immortal birth!
Why rise in heav'n to set on earth?

Souls of slain heroes formed thy rays;
Eternity flashed through thy blaze;
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high, and honor here;
And thy light broke on human eyes,
Like a Volcano of the skies.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,
And swept down empires with its flood
Earth rocked beneath thee to her base,
As thou didst lighten through all space!
And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
A rainbow of the loveliest hue,
Of three bright colors,* each divine,
And fit for that celestial sign;
For Freedom's hand had blended them;
Like tints in an immortal gem.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes:
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes:
One, the pure Spirit's veil of white
Had robed in radiance of its light:
The three so mingled did beseech
The texture of a heavenly dream.

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail;
But oh! thou Rainbow of the free!
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.

And Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array;
And soon! Oh Goddess! may we be
For evermore with them or thee!